Baſſ. Our feaſt ſhalbe much honored in your mariage.
Gra. Wele play with them the firſt boy for a thouſand ducats.
Ner. What and ſtake downe?
Gra. No, we ſhall nere win at that ſport and ſtake downe.
But who comes heere? *Lorenzo* and his infidell?
vvhat, and my old Venecian friend *Salerio?*

Enter *Lorenzo, Ieſſica,* and *Salerio* a meſſenger from Venice.

Baſſa. Lorenzo and *Salerio,* welcome hether,
if that the youth of my newe intreſt heere
haue power to bid you welcome: by your leaue
I bid my very friends and countrymen
ſweet *Portia* welcome.
Por. So doe I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.
Lor. I thanke your honour, for my part my Lord
my purpoſe was not to haue ſeene you heere,
but meeting with *Salerio* by the way
he did intreate me paſt all ſaying nay
to come with him along.
Sal. I did my Lord,
and I haue reaſon for it, Signior *Anthonio*
commends him to you.
Baſſ. Ere I ope his Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not ſicke my Lord, vnleſſe it be in mind,
nor well, vnleſſe in mind: his letter there
vvill ſhow you his eſtate. *open the letter.*
Gra. Nerriſſa, cheere yond ſtranger, bid her welcom.
Your hand *Salerio,* what's the newes from Venice?
How doth that royall Merchant good *Anthonio?*
I know he will be glad of our ſucceſſe,
We are the *Iaſons,* we haue wone the fleece.
Sal. I would you had won the fleece that he hath loſt.
Por. There are ſome ſhrowd contents in yond ſame paper
That ſteales the colour from *Baſſanios* cheeke,
Some deere friend dead, elſe nothing in the world
could turne ſo much the conſtitution

of any conſtant man: what worſe
With leaue *Baſſanio* I am halfe you
and I muſt freely haue the halfe of
that this ſame paper brings you.
Baſſ. O ſweete *Portia,*
heere are a few of the vnpleaſant'ſt
that euer blotted paper. Gentle La
when I did firſt impart my loue to
I freely told you all the wealth I ha
ranne in my vaines, I was a gentlen
and then *I* told you true: and yet d
rating my ſelfe at nothing, you ſhal
how much *I* was a Braggart, when
my ſtate was nothing, I ſhould the
that *I* was worſe then nothing; for
I haue ingag'd my ſelfe to a deere
ingag'd my friend to his meere ene
to feede my meanes. Heere is a let
the paper as the body of my friene
and euery word in it a gaping wou
iſſuing life blood. But is it true *Sa*
hath all his ventures faild, what no
from Tripolis, from Mexico and
from Lisbon, Barbary, and *I*ndia,
and not one veſſell ſcape the dread
of Merchant-marring rocks?
Sal. Not one my Lord.
Beſides, it ſhould appeare, that if h
the preſent money to diſcharge th
hee would not take it: neuer did *I*
a creature that did beare the ſhape
ſo keene and greedie to confound
He plyes the Duke at morning an
and doth impeach the freedome o
if they deny him iuſtice. Twentie
the Duke himſelfe, and the Magn
of greateſt port haue all perſwaded

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22296) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C